My Fair Omega

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My Fair Omega

by Swiggity (queencakes)

Summary

Will is a late blooming omega. His stepmother is a beta who hates him and has forced him to leave school and get a job. His father is a weak alpha who isn't even Will's real father. Will worries about what'll happen when he has his first heat and his father realises they're not actually related, he worries about being auctioned off to an alpha who'll beat him and he fantasises about being mated to an alpha like the ones he reads about in his books, even if that alpha happens to be a serial killer.

Not beta read!

Notes

Surprisingly this happened because I was watching My Fair Lady this morning. I don't know why, it just kept coming.

I apologise for any spelling mistakes, misplaced words, repetitive use of words and phrases, grammatical errors or butchering of the English language.

Will closed the book he'd been reading for the better part of his day. He shook his head, trying to bring his mind back to reality and took a sip of his coffee, it was cold but he didn't like to waste food. The story had been so thoroughly enjoyable that he'd gotten lost in it, as he did with all good books. It was a rather strange crime thriller with a twisted alpha-omega romance and a bittersweet ending.

It was entirely underrated in his opinion - it had only been released earlier that year and had received no great amount of popularity. He supposed it was because people in this city were a little oversensitive to the subject matter, with the Ripper still on the loose or maybe just because it hadn't been marketed enough. He'd found it on the bottom shelf, which is where books went when their publishers weren't paying to have them displayed closer to eye-level.

Will stifled a yawn and checked his watch, it was just about closing time. Most people were happy to clock off at the end of a long day and go home but Will never really wanted to go home. He didn't like the journey home because an omega travelling through the city alone was subject to an obscene amount of staring, attention and wolf whistles, and he didn't like the destination either. All he had to look forward to when he got home was a father who was always frustrated with him and a pregnant stepmother who was counting down the days until Will's first heat so he could finally be registered as an eligible omega and be auctioned off for the best offer his parents could get for him. Then she'd have a comfortable sum to start a new family of her own with Will's father and Will's bedroom would be free to receive her real child.

Will sneered at the thought of her, he'd never known a beta as unpleasant as Irene. They normally had such passive and accommodating personalities, especially in the presence of an alpha but Irene harboured no great amount of respect for her mate. She knew he was weak-willed and easy to manipulate and she had no qualms about taking full advantage of it.

Will couldn't entirely blame her. Betas were only marginally better off in society than omegas were, with the exception that omegas could climb social ladders as an extension of their alpha mates but betas could not.

They would always be betas and where they were born was where they would stay. Irene had been lucky to come across his father, instead of working for minimum wage she could simply get pregnant, stay home and live in the delusion that she was a real omega.

He locked up the cash register and dropped his paper cup into the trashcan.

It had been by his stepmother's command that he was forced to leave school before he could graduate and told to get a job so he could support his own existence until his heat finally came. Will was a late bloomer and thus he was also a ongoing financial burden to his family.

Most omegas experienced their first heat somewhere between 12 and 15 years old but Will had just turned 17 and he still wasn't presenting. Most omegas from the working class were taken out of school no later than their 15th birthday. A mated omega had no need for further education, all the "important" things like cooking, housekeeping, child-minding and

techniques for keeping your alpha comfortable and pleased, were all throughly engraved into their minds by the time they were 15.

Will supposed he was lucky he'd managed to get in a couple of extra years of real academic learning, so his reading and writing skills were closer to that of an upper class omega - the kind that married rich alphas and went to school because they had the leisure of being able to do so - but he still would have liked to have graduated. He loved learning, loved reading about things, which was why he'd gotten a job in a bookstore.

At home if his parents caught him "doing nothing" but sitting around, reading a book he'd get an earful for it but here, if he didn't have to tend to a customer, stock shelves or arrange displays in the window, then he could just sit and read to his heart's content. The owner, Mrs. Carson, didn't mind, she was a strangely nice, old alpha with a calming demeanour. She said it was good for customers to see employees reading because how could they possibly trust you to recommend books to them if you didn't know books?

Will didn't know many alphas as pleasant as she was. He certainly didn't know any alphas who would encourage him to read a book and it had definitely surprised him when she had given him the job. She wasn't by any means a docile alpha, she was imposing actually and confident and her voice demanded attention. As kind to him as she was, she still recognised the distinction between Will and herself because she had no qualms about telling him what to do, not as an employer would an employee but as an alpha would to a subordinate omega. She was never demeaning or vicious, though, like his father could often be.

Will sometimes liked to imagine that the alpha who would pick him might be something like Mrs. Carson but it was a weak wish.

The reality was that Will was counting down the days with dread until he felt that first inkling of his approaching heat. It wasn't because of the auction but because he was terrified he wouldn't even make it to the auction. At a very young age, not long after his mother had passed away, Will realised that the alpha he knew as his father wasn't really his father, their scents didn't match. On the surface they did because they lived in such proximity to each other and will made a point of scenting himself with his father's clothing but beneath that there was no connection.

Will was only lucky that his father was such a weak alpha and the man couldn't seem to scent the different genetics between them. He also knew that if he ever did realise it then one of two things would happen.

Either his "father" would realise that his deceased mate had bred with a better alpha whose seed had beaten his own and thus, he would kill Will to wipe away the shame and that was the more preferable outcome of the two.

But the likelihood was that his father would only realise the truth once Will went into heat. Will's scent would be amplified so even his father could recognise it and then the alpha would only see him as an unclaimed omega in heat, not his son, not the bastard child of another alpha, just an unrelated omega that needed to be fucked. If his father forcibly claimed him he would be worth nothing to an auctioneer. He'd be stuck forever mated to the man he'd know as "dad" for 17 years.

Will's stomach churned at the thought. As much of a bitch as his stepmother was, the beta was his only, if unintentional, ally in this mess. The beta's sense of smell was clearly better than his father's. She kept her mouth shut about it though, knowing very well that if his father decided to mate with Will that her position as his mate would be null and void. Pregnant or not the alpha wouldn't choose her over an omega and he certainly didn't have the finances to support two mates, so she would be swiftly shown the door. Forcing Will to get a job was probably a scheme on her part to keep him out of the house and away from her mate, which Will had no objections to.

After making sure there was nobody lingering down the back of the store, Will put a few misplaced books back where they belonged, as well as the one he had been reading. But as he crouched down to put it back on the bottom shelf he had a better idea.

He scooped up every copy of it and elevated them further up the bookcase so they would be visible to a person maybe a little taller than himself. A dreadful and poorly written romance had to be sacrificed to make the space but Will was not sorry to banish it to the bottom, he couldn't even force himself to finish the first chapter.

He stepped back to admire the anarchy he was causing and hoped that Mrs. Carson wouldn't notice and scold him for it in the morning but it would have been a disservice to the book to leave it where it was. He sighed fondly, thinking back over the story.

A young omega who has not yet shared a heat with his alpha is abducted by an omega trafficking ring, destined to be sold as a sex slave in the European black market. But his alpha is no ordinary alpha, he's a seasoned serial killer who goes on a killing spree through the underground, stopping at nothing to find his stolen omega and make everyone involved with his abduction pay in the most cruel and gruesome ways possible.

Though it was slightly insane, Will wished he could mate with an alpha like that. a strong, loyal alpha who would kill to protect him, who would move mountains to keep him, even if they were not yet bonded, even if the alpha could easily forsake him and just choose another omega to mate with.

Yes, he was a killer but he loved his omega and Will liked to imagine that he never killed anyone that the world wasn't better off without.

Will shook the fantasies out of his head, they were nice to indulge in sometimes but mostly they were just a reminder that his own life was doomed, he would have no happy ending no matter what happened.

The best he could hope for in an alpha would be one from middle or working class, with bad genetics, with a dissatisfying job, angry at the world that he was at the bottom of the alpha food chain and he'd take that anger out on Will.

But he couldn't be auctioned off until he went into heat and if he went into heat his not-father would forcibly claim him. His only choices in the matter were to either live with it, kill himself now, tell his father he was a bastard and let himself be murdered or he could run away.

Running away was an exciting and hopeful idea in theory. Every time he got his wages, he had to give the majority of it to his stepmother but he kept a little bit for himself and saved it away. He had no plan for running away, he wouldn't even know where to start.

Where would he go? What would he do when he got there? He couldn't get a job without written consent from a parent or mate. He supposed he could run away and find a mate somewhere far away or maybe get his hands on some hormone suppressants somehow. They were illegal and dangerous but if he had those he could pretend to be a beta, they didn't need permission to get jobs or a high school diploma. But he wouldn't even know where to start.

His heat was surely closing in on him. If he was lucky it would be a year at most but it could also be the next week or even the next day. So his weak hopes about saving money to make a run for it could all go up in smoke any day now.

He swallowed a lump in the back of his throat, no longer allowing himself to think about such things, they made him feel depressed and defeated and he was determined not to cry about it until he was hiding under the bed covers in his bedroom.

Maybe he'd really luck out and The Ripper would select him for his next victim on his way home tonight. Yes, he'd have his organs removed while he was still alive and yes, he'd be dead shortly after and yes, his naked corpse would be left on display somewhere as a present for the FBI and the world to see but at least he really, absolutely, would have no choice in the outcome of his existence. The Ripper would taken on all those responsibilities. He'd no longer have to worry about what was going to happen to him, death would be an absolute truth, no 'if's, 'but's or 'maybe's about it.

It was a morbid thought but it cheered him up a little nonetheless. He supposed it was his primary omega nature to want an alpha, even a serial killing alpha, to make choices for him he'd rather not have to feel anxious about himself.

He turned off the lights, swung his messenger bag over his shoulder and stepped outside. It wasn't very late but it was early January and the evenings were still pitch black. He locked the shop door, rattled the handle to make sure he had definitely locked it and then made his way down the lamplit street to his usual bus stop.

It was a cold night, and he could see his breath on the air but by the time he made it to his stop he was starting to feel a sweat break out on the back of his neck. He had been walking slowly enough and he certainly wasn't overdressed for this weather. He took a seat on the bus

stop bench and undid the scarf from around his neck, sighing in relief when the chill in the air brushed over his skin but just as he was starting to feel comfortable, a new flush of heat swept up and down his spine. It spilling over onto his chest, up his neck, into his face, he was certain that if he could see his reflection he'd be red all over.

'No...please no,' he pleaded with the universe as the heat spilled down to pool in his belly and further down into his groin. 'Please, please, please! Not now, not here!' he screamed in his head, clenching his teeth.

This couldn't be it, there had been no indicators, no warning signs, it was happening too fast. His insides suddenly cramped, like he'd been kicked square in the stomach. He doubled over, one hand clutched his mid-section and the other grasped the edge of the bench in a death grip, as if he could transfer his pain into the metal if he just held on tightly enough.

He was sure how long he'd stayed like that but a shudder of relief ran through him when the pain peaked and started to ebb a little, tears fell down his chin and dotted the concrete near his feet. He took a few deep breaths and wet his lips, tasting salt and iron there, he must have bitten himself but he never felt it. He needed to get up and leave, he needed to get someplace safe.

The walk from the bookstore had been a lonely one, so if he could just manage to get back to the store, he could lock himself in and call for help. He couldn't call his family but maybe if he called 911 they'd send someone, they had to have some kind of protocol for this, he couldn't have been the first omega ever to go into their first heat in a public place.

He wanted to take another moment to breathe but he couldn't stay here anymore, every second that passed increased his chances of attracting danger. Before he could stir he heard a voice, no, more than one voice, male voices. He was frightened but he had to look, hoping against hope that it would be betas or sympathetic omegas, maybe they'd help him. But as soon as his eyes fell on his audience he didn't even need to scent them to know what they were.

Three alphas were jostling each other a few yards down the street from him. They were only around Will's age but they were taller than him, stronger than him. Older alphas were generally solitary creatures, only tolerating the company of other alphas when it was civilised and necessary to do so but juvenile alphas liked to form packs. If they had been adult alphas they would have been tearing each other apart over an omega in heat and that would have given Will a fair chance at running away. But these three were a whole different kind of danger. They weren't seriously fighting each other, the leader was merely asserting himself, making it clear that he would be *first*.

The fear and anxiety welling up inside was like nothing he'd ever felt before. School had taught him that when an omega went into heat, even their first heat, their whole existence became focused on finding an alpha to breed with. It had taught him that seeing three potential mates should send Will into a frenzy of lust and want. He should have been calling out to them, meek little whimpers that alphas found pleasing. He should have been using his pheromones to encourage them to fight over him, kill each other and to the winner would go the spoils.

But Will didn't feel even remotely like doing any of that, his body wanted him to flee.

His subpar education had also taught him that running from an alpha was a good way to get yourself savaged to death. It was in their programming, they were predators, hunters and if you ran, they saw you as prey. But Will didn't care, his own instincts told him to get up now, get up and run.

He couldn't even remember standing up or taking off at a sprint, he didn't know what street he was running down, his plan to make it back to the store completely forgotten in his panic to get away.

He could hear the pack behind him, howling at him and laughing, like it was a game. They weren't just alphas rutting, they hadn't lost their minds to a heat frenzy, they were aware of what they were doing and they'd rape and kill him just for the fun of it.

Will rounded a corner and tripped over an uneven slab in the pavement, the shock of the impact in his knees made him cry out but he wasted no time scrambling back to his feet and taking off but it was too late. He felt his jacket tighten around him as it was yanked backwards, he hit the ground and the wind was knocked out of him.

He gasped desperately to get air back into his lungs while the three alphas stood above him, sneering and nudging each other. He was dizzy, he couldn't understand what they were saying but the bigger alpha yelled something in his face and grabbed a fistful of his curls, yanking him up to his feet. Will screeched and tried to claw the other boy's hand out of his hair and recieeved another sharp yank in warning. He was dragged behind the older boy, down a deserted cul-de-sac where a few empty cars were parked in the darkness.

This was really happening to him, he thought, starting to twist, kick, scratch and scream blue murder. After all of his worries about what would happen after his first heat he never imagined once that this would be it. That he would be raped and maybe killed in the street, in the darkness, crying out and no one would come to help him.

His parents wouldn't miss him for hours, he usually slipped passed them without notice when he got home, retreated to his room for a few hours before finally getting hungry, his absence tonight wouldn't peak any concern and when it finally did, they'd only be worried about the money his disappearance, rape and death would cost them.

Will's chest tightened at the thought and a sob escaped him. He was being forced down onto the ground onto his stomach, the leader pinned his small body beneath own, the weight was crushing.

He was going to be raped and no one cared. He would probably be killed and no one cared. If they didn't kill him he would be as good as dead to his family anyway. Tears streamed down his face. The fear, the despair and the pain were overwhelming. He tried in vain to push himself up and maybe toss the alpha off of him but he wasn't strong enough. The leader snarled at the other two to "Hold the bitch down!".

His face was now pressed into the concrete, it was hard and cold and scratchy. He tried to concentrate on the harshness of it against his cheek, tried to pretend that the rest of his body

didn’t exist. He didn’t know what else to do but try to allow his mind to drift out of body, to escape what was happening in the only way he could.

That final feeling of despair forced a sound out of his mouth that he’d never made nor heard before in his life. A shrill, desperate cry rumbled up out of his chest like a siren.

The leader laugh, amused. “What the fuck is he doing?” he barked, the others laughed but said nothing.

He felt the alpha yanking at his jeans, too impatient to undo them, too weak to rip them clean off but eventually he felt the cold air against his backside and a hand touching him where it wasn’t welcome.

A numbness washed over him, his mind and his body both stilled and he stared blankly the wall, the bricks there and the tiny bits of moss that grew between them were suddenly all that he knew existed in the world.

Then everything was quiet.

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